

What's love? by Chibirini1

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Love, Snuggling, cuteness, seriously just fluff

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike and Eleven have a conversation about love. Shamless fluff.

What's love?

Author's Note:

Be gentle, I've never written anything for this fandom before! Just a short little blurb. Also I KNOW "What is Love" wasn't released until 1993. I just couldn't help myself.

They were supposed to be studying.

They hadn't taught her anything in that hellhole, so her knowledge was limited to a kindergartener's. She knew colors, numbers, and could read. And that was pretty much it. So even though Hopper had done his best to teach her, she needed a little extra help. And who better than Mike?

Eleven was always begging to see him, and after a confused Mrs. Wheeler had been somewhat filled in, they were allowed to see each other. Usually they met at the cabin, but Hopper had to work and didn't trust them alone. Unbeknownst to him, the basement was the perfect place to study...or whatever.

El was thrilled that Mike had kept the fort up. They ended up laying beneath it, cuddled together like a pair of overgrown puppies, preliminary math books forgotten. Mike had his face buried in Eleven's dark curls, and she had his hand clasped tightly in hers. Their gangly bodies were pressed together in the warm, small space, his curled around hers. She felt safe and peaceful there, and happy. There were no more secrets between her and Mike, no more space.

"Hey El," Mike said. She opened her eyes.

"Hm?"

"Do you know what love is?"

El shifted, as uncomfortable as she always was when she didn't quite understand something.

"Is it...when you like someone?"

Mike sat up a little, propping himself up on his elbow. “Yeah! Kind of.”

El turned around so she could look up at Mike properly. The scratchy wool blanket beneath them shifted with her, and in the soft light she could see how much Mike had grown in the past year. His face was longer, more angular.

“What is love?” She asked.

“Baby don’t hurt me!” He replied, laughing. She frowned, confused.

“Sorry,” he said. “It’s a song.”

She tilted her head. “Love...is a song?”

He laughed a little, but stopped when he saw her getting frustrated. “Hey. I mean, it’s not a song. Love is a feeling.”

She looked into his brown eyes and scanned them. “A feeling.”

“Yeah. Like liking someone, but more. Families love each other, like parents and kids.”

El sighed. “Papa didn’t love me.”

Mike grabbed her hand. “He wasn’t really your dad. But there’s also love between girlfriends and boyfriends. Like Nancy and Steve. Or I guess, Nancy and Johnathan.”

She nodded, trying to understand. “We are friends. Can we be like them?”

Mike shrugged. “Well, maybe. It depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“Well, if we love each other.”

El swallowed. “How do you know? If you love someone?”

Mike looked thoughtful. “Well. When you’re with them, you feel... sort of warm. Happy. Like you always want to be with them.”

“Oh. Ok.”

Mike frowned, his brows knitting together. “So...do you?”

El laid on her back, listening to the radiator hiss and clang on the other side of the room. “I think so. I love...you.”

She turned her head and looked at Mike, who smiled at her beneath his dark brown bangs. “I...I love you too, El.”

She smiled at him and then waited as he leaned forward, brushing his lips against hers. She reached up and wound her arms around his neck, pulling him back down for another kiss.

“Does this mean you are my boyfriend? Like Steve, and Johnathan?” She asked.

He nodded. “Yeah, I mean, I think so. If that’s what you want.”

“And I will be your...girlfriend?”

“Yeah,” he beamed at her. “My girlfriend. My El.”

She touched his lips, then his cheeks. “My Mike.”